

Chums

Friends weren't thinking about dangers of war

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Neither Rekdahl nor Sadd's other surviving boyhood chum, Jim Nott, can remember ever hearing Curtis say what he wanted to do when he grew up. Born Jan. 20, 1924, Curtis was the middle of three sons born to Oscar and Nellie Sadd. Rekdahl said when Oscar and Nellie split up, the boys' grandmother came to keep house for the children and their working father.

"Curtis was just a nice person, someone you enjoyed having as a friend. He never did anything wild or anything," Rekdahl said.

Nott was friends with Curtis from kindergarten on through high school, and he remembers his classmate's more impish side.

"We were just regular boys. We did everything that boys do," Nott recalled. "We went fishing and we used to borrow my dad's car and his brother's car and take long drives instead of going to school."

Nott said he used to get detention when he got caught writing bogus excuse notices, but Curtis managed to intercept his forged notes when the school sent them

home to his father. Nott said he never held a grudge against his friend, though.

Both Nott and Rekdahl said Curtis was an easygoing guy who got most of his pocket money from his job at the Camas Laundry and also went fruit-picking in Yakima.

Nott went into the Army at the same time his friend joined the Navy. They never saw each other after that.

Nott went to the European front and was wounded in the Battle of the Bulge a month before Curtis' death.

He said none of the boys who hurried to enlist after Pearl Harbor thought much about the danger.

"Nobody was thinking about getting killed. You know, 'It ain't going to happen to me,'" Nott said.

After the war, Rekdahl and Nott came home to Camas, got jobs at what was then Crown Zellerbach paper mill and reared families with their wives. Both are retired. Both have fond memories of the buddy who died at his gun on the Saratoga.

Nott has no doubt what he'd tell Curtis Wayne Sadd if he could see him strolling up the street today.

"I'd say, 'Let's go out and eat,'" Nott said.

— Tricia Jones